

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

MAR. NO. 112



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX

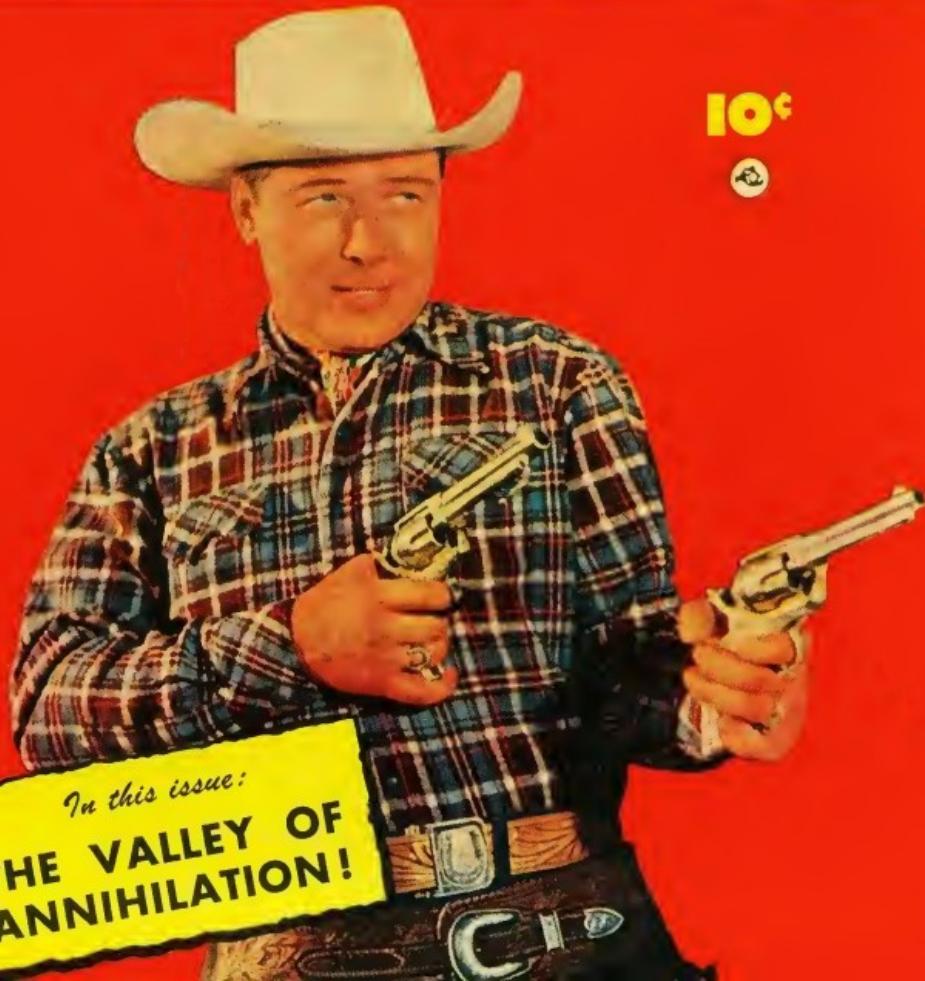


MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES

10¢



*In this issue:*

**THE VALLEY OF  
ANNIHILATION!**

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LURE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
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MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

D. C. Fawcett, Jr., President  
*Danny*





OH, YUH KNOW I WOULD NEVER THINK OF SUCH A THING, GEEFER, EVEN IF THE BOSS DIDN'T HAVE SUCH AN IRON-TIGHT SYSTEM WORKED OUT!

I NOT ONLY THINK ABOUT TAKING IT BUT I'VE ALSO THOUGHT OF THE WAY TO GET IT!

THAT COLLAR LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE TEX RITTER'S DOG'S—EXCEPT THAT ONE HAS REAL DIAMONDS IN IT!



HELLO, GEEFER! I'VE BROUGHT THAT COLLAR IN FOR YOU TO FIX!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, TEX!



IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES!

I'LL FIX IT ALL RIGHT, BUT INSTEAD OF GIVING THIS COLLAR BACK TO RITTER, I'LL GIVE HIM THE ONE WITH THE REAL DIAMONDS IN IT, AND LEAVE THIS ONE IN ITS PLACE!



AND AFTER GEEFER FIXES THE COLLAR...



HYAR IT IS, OKAY, GEEFER, BUT TAKE MY ADVICE NOW, STAY AWAY FROM FURY! HE DOESN'T LIKE YOU!

SO LONG! I'M GOING BACK TO PUT FURY'S COLLAR ON HIM!

YUH DO THAT, TEX! MEANWHILE I'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET IT OFF HIM!



CLOSING TIME... HOME IS THE LAST PLACE I'VE GOT ON MY MIND! RIGHT NOW, I AIM TO HEAD FER THE FIRST PET SHOP I CAN FIND IN THE NEXT TOWN!

OKAY, I SEARCHED YUH TWO! YUH CAN GO HOME NOW!



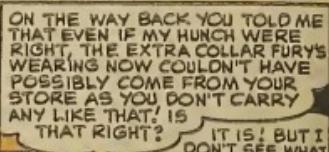
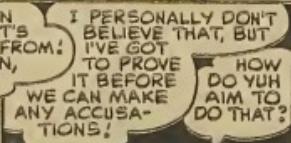


THE NEXT DAY...

THIS ISN'T MY  
DIAMOND DOG  
COLLAR! IT'S JUST  
A CHEAP IMITATION!DON'T LOOK AT  
US, BOSS! YOU  
SEARCHED US  
BEFORE WE  
LEFT LAST  
NIGHT!DO YOU THINK  
IT'S POSSIBLE  
TEX RITTER  
TOOK THE  
WRONG COLLAR  
WITH HIM?  
THIS ONE LOOKS  
ENOUGH LIKE  
THE REAL  
DIAMOND  
ONE TO  
FOOL ANY-  
ONE BUT A  
DIAMOND EXPERT!THAT IS A  
POSSIBILITY!  
I'LL GO LOOK  
UP RITTER,  
PRONTO!

AT TEX'S PLACE...

DRAT IT! THAT ISN'T THE  
REAL DIAMOND COLLAR!  
I'M AFRAID SOMEONE SNEAKED INTO MY SHOP  
AND MADE THE SWITCH LAST NIGHT, BUT HOW  
THEY OPENED THE SAFE WITHOUT BLASTING  
IT, I'LL NEVER KNOW! I'M THE  
ONLY ONE WITH THE COM-  
BINATION!THAT DOG OF YORES  
DOESN'T SEEM TO  
LIKE ME!FURY'S NOT  
ANGRY! HE'S  
TRYING TO TELL  
ME SOMETHING!WHAT'S  
THAT?  
A PATCH OF PANTS!  
AND FURY SEEKS  
MIGHTY ANXIOUS  
TO PICK UP THE  
OWNER'S SCENT!A WILD THOUGHT JUST CAME  
TO ME, STRONG! PERHAPS I  
WAS GIVEN THE REAL  
DIAMOND DOG  
COLLAR WHEN  
I LEFT YOUR  
SHOP—BUT  
NOT BY  
MISTAKE!I DON'T  
GET YUH, TEX.  
WHAT ARE YUH  
AIMIN' AT?JUST THIS! IF ONE OF YOUR  
HELPERS WAS TRYING TO STEAL  
THE COLLAR, WHAT EASIER WAY  
WOULD HE HAVE HAD THAN TO  
LET ME CARRY IT OUT OF THE  
STORE AND THEN FOR HIM  
TO COME AROUND  
LATER AND SWITCH  
COLLARS ONSAY,  
THAT  
DOES MAKE  
SENSE!



IT IS! BUT I  
DON'T SEE WHAT  
YOU'RE AIMING AT!



I'M AIMING TO FIND OUT TWO THINGS. ONE, WHERE THE COLLAR DID COME FROM AND TWO, IF GEEFER IS GUILTY, HOW DID HE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO FURY TO MAKE THE SWITCH? LET'S GO, WHITE FLASH!



-- AND SINCE I HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHO DID IT, THE NEXT THING TO DO IS FIND OUT HOW HE GOT FURY TO LET HIM MAKE THE SWITCH! LET'S GO!



SHORTLY AFTER AT GEEFER'S CABIN...

CHLOROFORM! THAT COULD BE THE ANSWER! MAYBE IF I WORK FAST I CAN EVEN FIND THE DIAMOND DOG COLLAR HIDDEN AROUND HERE BEFORE GEEFER RETURNS!



BUT SUDDENLY...

THIS MUST BE IT!

RITTER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YUH FIGGERED EVERYTHING OUT, BUT THE INFORMATION'S NOT GOING TO DO YUH ANY GOOD!



JUST THEN...

GOOD BOY, FURY!



YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE OTHER CRIMINALS WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD DEVISED A PERFECT PLAN TO BEAT THE LAW! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ANYONE SMART ENOUGH TO THINK UP SUCH A PLAN SHOULD ALSO BE SMART ENOUGH NOT TO BE AN OUTLAW!

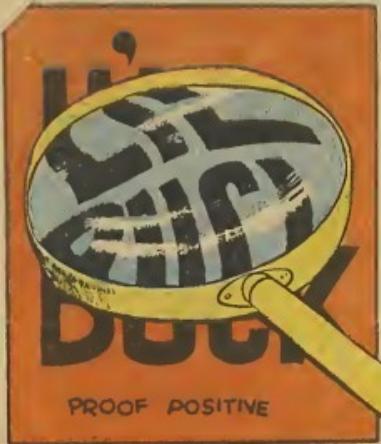


LATER...

THANKS FOR LOCKING UP GEEFER AND RETURNING MY DIAMOND DOG COLLAR, TEX!

THANK FURY! HE REALLY DID ALL THE WORK IN THIS CASE!







**BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!**

Get this  
**24 K GOLD-PLATED**

# **GOOD LUCK<sup>TM</sup> RING**

**With YOUR OWN INITIALS!**

**BIG!**  
 AMAZING VALUE!  
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**MASSIVE!**  
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**FITS ANY FINGER!**  
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Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R.I.



# GABBY HAYES

in  
**A LOT OF BULL**

BALLS OF FIRE!  
CALM DOWN, YUH ORNERY  
CRITTERS, OR I'LL MAKE A  
BONFIRE AND TURN EVERY  
ONE OF YUH INTO A  
SIRLOIN STEAK!

BANG!  
BANG!

**STAMPEDE!** FRENZIED CATTLE  
RUNNING WILD! HARD-RIDING COW-  
HANDS DARING DEATH TO TURN THEM,  
TO CALM THEM, TO KEEP THEM FROM  
CRUSHING EACH OTHER AND PREVENT  
THEM FROM HURTLING OVER A PRECI-  
PICE IN MAD MASS SUICIDE! LEADING  
HIS MEN IN THIS BATTLE AGAINST  
BEASTS IS THAT FEARLESS FOREMAN  
OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH,  
**GABBY HAYES!**



**A**T LAST THE CATTLE ARE CALMED, AND ALMOST AS  
SUDDENLY AS THE STAMPEDE STARTED, IT STOPS!  
THE HERD GRAZES PEACEFULLY!



WELL, GABBY, WE  
WERE LUCKY! DIDN'T  
LOSE MORE THAN  
TWENTY HEAD!

THAT'S GOOD! WHEW!  
I THOUGHT FOR AWHILE  
WE'D LOSE EVERY HEAD,  
INCLUDING MINE!  
SAY, WHAT'S THAT?





**B**UT GABBY IS UNAWARE OF THE DIRE PROPHECY BY THE EVIL SPIRIT, AND SO, A LITTLE LATER....





WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO





# TOM MIX

*in* **The Valley Of Annihilation**

SHERIFF  
MIKE SHAW  
DOBIE  
JAILHOUSE

YOU SENT FOR ME, MIKE?

YES, TOM! THIS WAGON TRAIN'S HEADING WEST TO STAKE CLAIMS IN THAT NEW UNSETTLED TERRITORY THE GOVERNMENT THREW OPEN TO SQUATTERS!

AND WHEN WE ASKED THE SHERIFF FOR A GUIDE WHO COULD LEAD US SAFELY THROUGH THE WILD INDIAN COUNTRY TO THE SETTLEMENT, HE SAID THERE WAS NO ONE WHO COULD DO A BETTER JOB THAN YUH, THAT IS IF YUH HAD THE TIME!

I'M REALLY VERY BUSY UP AT MY RANCH, BUT SINCE THE BUILDING UP OF THE WILD WEST IS IMPORTANT TO THE ENTIRE COUNTRY, I'LL DO IT!

GREAT! MY NAME'S BOB HEPPER! I'M THE LEADER OF THIS WAGON TRAIN! I'LL SEE THAT EVERYONE CARRIES OUT ANY ORDERS YUH GIVE, MIX!

FINE, BUT THERE'LL BE VERY FEW ORDERS! WE AREN'T AFTER INDIAN LAND, AND IF WE MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS AS WE RIDE THROUGH THE INDIAN TERRITORY, THEY WON'T BOTHER US! NOW LET'S GET STARTED!

GENERAL STORE  
SON & SONS





## WESTERN HERO



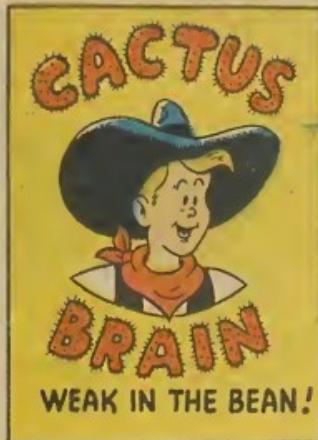
# WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO







# TALLYMAN TROUBLE

*A Slim Carson Story*

By Dick Kraus

THE BAWLING OF frightened cattle filled the acrid, dust-strewn air of the depot town. Everywhere, market-bound steers were being driven by hoarse voiced cowmen up swaying ramps, into slatted cars for eastern shipment. It was a busy time, for the ranchers of three Texas counties had brought their herds into the railroad center of San Cabrillo. And it was a time when Slim Carson usually had his hands full. Bringing cattle to market meant that there were plenty of silver dollars made. And wherever easy money was to be found, gun-ready men were out to get it!

But now, young Slim Carson was involved in a different kind of problem from gambling or street holdups. Instead, he had just been approached by an old cattleman who had been a friend of his father's, white-haired, leathery-faced Wade Slocum.

"Slim," Slocum began, "I've got a knot here that'll take a heap of fiddling to untangle! Mebbe you're the critter that can do it . . ."

"Shoot, Wade," Slim nodded. "I'll be glad to help—if I can!"

"Well, it looks to me like a case of cattle rustling, pure and simple," Wade Slocum said, scratching his bony jaw reflectively. "Simple, that is, except that I can't for the life of me figger out how it was done! Down at the Big S spread, four days ago, we set out for market with twelve hundred head of steers. Today we got in—and the count is nine hundred! Three hundred head missing somewhere along the line! But where—and how?"

Slim's brow furrowed in thought. "You're sure there weren't any storms that might have caused your beefs to skedaddle? Or any river crossings where they might have been swept away?"

Wade Slocum shook his head. "Nary a one! Weather was perfect—and our only crossing was shallow and easy! We couldn't have lost

more than one or two mavericks . . . if any!"

Slim shrugged his shoulders. "Wade," he said, "seems to me like there's just one thing to do! S'pose you leave your cattle here, with the rest of your boys, and we backtrack along your trail! If it took the herd four days, we ought to be able to do it in one—riding real fast! And we'll see if there are any side tracks, indicating where those three hundred head might have been driven off—if that's what happened!"

Setting out at once, the young border rider and the older rancher galloped swiftly back along the trail. Keen eyes combing the bordering terrain, they searched eagerly for any sign of what might have happened to the missing steers. That night they reached the Big S spread, and the next day they rode back to San Cabrillo. But nowhere along the route did they discover any sign showing where cattle might have been driven from the main herd!

"You see!" Wade Slocum husked, as they came within sight of the railroad depot town again, early that evening. "Now what, Slim?"

The border patrolman reined in. His voice thoughtful. "Hold on, Wade," he said. "You reckoned that you had three hundred missing, because you only had nine hundred when the herd reached San Cabrillo. But how come you're so sure you had twelve hundred head when you set out? Couldn't that figure have been wrong?"

Wade Slocum scoffed, "By three hundred? No, sir! I had a tallyman counting each head as we moved them into the corrals at round-up time. He couldn't have been that far off, unless he wanted to be!"

"Wade," Slim Carson asked, "who is your tallyman?"

"Big feller I just hired a while ago," the rancher replied. "Name of Ringo Daly—from up in the Dakota country. Just wanted to work

this one drive, so I reckon he'll be quitting soon. But what'd be the sense of his giving me a fake count . . . especially an overcount?"

Slim slammed one fist into the other. "Plenty of sense," he replied excitedly. "If Daly had some buddies who were running your cattle off your home range, he could keep you from getting suspicious by giving you a full count of twelve hundred at tally-time! Then, when you got to San Cabrillo, you'd figger the cattle were lost along the trail! Meanwhile, his buddies could take the beefs up to the army post at Fort McShawn and sell them to the quartermaster there!"

"Great Day!" muttered Wade Slocum angrily! "It could be! But how can we prove it? There's no way to check on whether Ringo Daly's tally was right or wrong!"

Slim grinned. "You said he was aiming to quit! Let him. If my hunch is right, he's going to rejoin his buddies somewhere in the vicinity and they'll be riding to work this racket somewhere else! The border country is filled with rannies of their stripe! But meanwhile, I'll tail your tallyman . . . and we'll see what I find!"

That night, Ringo Daly drew his pay for the cattle drive and quit the Big S outfit. A husky, beetlebrowed hombre, straddling a rangy buckskin cayuse, he headed out on the mountain trail that led from San Cabrillo toward the North Texas country. Cautiously, Daly scanned the trail behind him from time to time, to see if he was being followed. But he did not see the single rider who trailed at a distance, and far out to the right of him. And, gradually gaining more confidence, he ended by not watching the trail behind him at all . . .

Through the night the erstwhile tallyman for the Big S rode, and for part of the next morning.

Then, guiding his buckskin up a winding path, Daly halted when he came to three red sandstone rocks that pointed up to the skies, side by side. He uttered a shrill whistle and

waited. From behind the rocks appeared two other men, both unshaven and heavily armed. They grinned at him.

"Howdy, Ringo," one of them grunted. "See yuh made it without trouble. Old Slocum didn't suspect anything!"

"Not a thing!" Ringo Daly dismounted, laughing raucously. "He swallowed my tally—and figgered he'd lost the cattle during the drive! Which enabled you gents to make an easy getaway. How'd you make out?"

"Jest fine!" husked the other badman. "We altered the brand the first night. Then we sold 'em all to the army commissary in Fort McShawn and hightailed it down here to meet you! We reckoned we'd—"

The rustler's words choked off as a tall, lean hombre sprang from behind one of the sandstone boulders, revolvers leveled.

"Raise your paws!" Slim commanded: "Pron-to, or I'll alter *your* brand!"

For a brief moment, the badmen froze. Then, seeing that Slim was alone, Ringo Daly dove for his guns. "Riddle him, boys!" the ex-tallyman muttered, his weapons coming up fast! But Daly did not figure on the speed of Slim Carson. Before the outlaw's gun's could spit flame, the lawman's black-holstered Colts lined lead at him. Daly spun like a top, toppled backward. He shuddered once and lay still, sightless eyes staring skyward!

**S**LIM whirled toward the other outlaws! Both of them had whipped their guns from their holsters. But, seeing Daly slump to the sun-baked terrain, their fingers loosened, and their guns dropped. Quickly, their hands shot up . . .

"Good enough," Slim grunted. He nodded at Ringo Daly's sprawled form. "Pick him up," he ordered. "Sling him on a horse—and you two, fork your own! We're heading down to San Cabrillo to pay Wade Slocum what he's owed and then to tell the sheriff a little story!"

THE END

*Hit the trail with SLIM CARSON each month in WESTERN HERO*

# WAGONWHEELS

--A DARK VIEW!



# BATTLES THE OWL

I HEARD HIM OVER THERE!

THEY CAN'T SEE ME,  
BUT I CAN SEE THEM!  
AND THAT SPELLS THEIR  
FINISH!

WHAR IS HE?



THEY CALLED HIM THE OWL... AND WITH GOOD REASON! FOR THIS STRANGEST OF ALL OUTLAWS COULD ACTUALLY SEE IN THE DARK! CAN EVEN THE GIANT COWBOY MONTE HALE MATCH THUDDING FISTS AND BLAZING SIX-GUNS AGAINST AN OPPONENT HE CANNOT SEE? WHO WILL WIN THE BATTLE OF DARKNESS WHEN MONTE HALE... BATTLES THE OWL!

ON A DARK, MOONLESS NIGHT, MONTE HALE IS BEDDED DOWN ON THE PRAIRIE WHEN...

SOMEONE'S SHOOTING... AND NOT FAR AWAY EITHER!



WHAT KIND OF TARGET CAN AN HOMBRE FIND TO SHOOT AT ON A DARK NIGHT LIKE THIS? LET'S FIND OUT, PARDNER!



WESTERN HERO

GUIDED BY PARDNER'S UNERRING INSTINCT, MONTE HALE COMES UPON THE SCENE OF DISASTER!

A STAGECOACH! IT'S BEEN WRECKED!

I RECKON I CAN FIGURE WHAT HAPPENED! THE DRIVER WAS AMBUSHED! SHOT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! WHEN HE LET GO OF THE REINS, THE COACH TURNED OVER!

BUT WHO COULD'VE SHOT THE DRIVER IN THIS DARKNESS? IT TAKES A MIGHTY FINE MARKSMAN TO PICK OFF AN HOMBRE RIDING THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF A STAGECOACH IN THE DAYTIME! AT NIGHT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE AN OWL'S HOOT! BUT IT WAS A HUMAN VOICE!

SUDDENLY TWO SHOTS BLAZE OUT OF THE NIGHT!

EYOW! HE SHOT THE GUNS RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!

THERE, HE GOES, PARDNER-- RIDING OFF! IT WOULD BE PLUMB SUICIDE TO FOLLOW HIM! HE COULD GUN US DOWN AFORE WE EVEN GOT CLOSE!

CLIPPETY CLOP-CLOP CLOP-CLOP

I RECKON I KNOW NOW WHY THIS STAGECOACH WAS HELD UP! I MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE OWNER THE BAD NEWS!

LOST GAP GOLD MINE





